K. Bible - App.

¶ The fyrste psalme For the obteynyng remission of sinnes.

O LORDE OF lordes, God almyghty, greate and dreadefull, whyche by thy word hast made heauen, earthe, the sea, and all thynges conteyned in them.

Nothyng is able to resist thy power, thy mercy is ouer all thy workes.

All thynges be vnder thy dominion and rule, both man and beast, and all liuyng creatures.

Thou art mercifull to whom thou wilt: and hast compassion on whom it pleaseth the.

Psalms or prayers - (no date).

Printed by Berthelet.

The portions called Psalms, are Prayers, not the Psalms of David. They are in some cases taken from Holy Scripture, though not in all: It was intended as a book for Private use. The prayers are usually in the first person singular. It was again printed by Berthelet in 1546. See Dibdin Antiq. vol 3 page 334 note -din. But no mention is made of the present Edition among Berthelets Books. It was intended as a Protestant Book, and it is singular that an Edition should have appeared accommodated to the reign of Queen Mary, who is called in the prayer "Queen Mary the First." The Edition was unknown to the Bibliographical Writers. The Edition of 1546, (the same in size as the present, namely L. in eights. After Elizabeths accession the Book was reprinted with the Addition of the Litany.

See Dibdins Typo-antiquities. Vol 3. p. 329

Psalmes or

Prayers taken out of

the holye Scripture

Londini

1545

A6.
4.

Seven Penitential Psalms
Printed by Berthelet. without date
imperfect.

The above is incorrect. They are not the Seven Penitential Psalms.

The Edition is undescribed and apparently unknown.

[illegible]

[illegible]

C 53. a 13.

K. Bible - App

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Thy counsaile shall stande for euer: and what so euer thou wilt shall be done.

Power, dominion, and glory is thine: whiche arte aboue all thynges and in all thynges, and in vs all.

Thou arte father of mercies, and god of all grace, peace, and comforte: whiche wilte not the death of a synner, nor deliteste in the damnacion of soules.

O lorde god, whiche art riche in mercie, and of thine especiall loue towardes vs, euen whan we were thine enemies by synne, diddest sēd into the worlde thine onely begottē son Jesus Christ: that who so euer beleueth duely in hym, shall not perishe, but haue euerlastyng life.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Haue mercie vppon me, haue mercie vppon me, accordyng to thy great mercie.

And accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies, put awaie myne offences.

O god moste holy, washe me from my wickednes, and make me clene frō mine vncleannesse.

For I acknowledge (O lorde) mine heinous synnes: and accuse my selfe of mine vnrighteous dedes.

I confesse against my selfe the wickednesse of my herte, whiche hath ben euer vnfaithfull, and rebelling against thy preceptes.

I haue been an vntrue and a frowarde child to the, and haue prouoked the with my vanities.

O holy father, I haue offen-

ded thy diuine maiestie: and am not worthy to be called thy son.

Because I prouoked the to angre throughe the multitude of my synnes: & haue not exercised my selfe in thy rightfull lawes.

I haue turned backe from thy waies, and done euil before the.

I haue done wickedly, and vniustly behaued my selfe, leauing thy commaundementes, & murmuryng against thy correction.

I haue turned my selfe away, and not kept my promyse made vnto the: I haue walked in an euill waye after mine owne thoughtes and fantasies, chosing the thinges that thou woldest not.

O lord god almightie I haue not feared the, nor shewed due reue-

reuerence vnto the: but I haue been disobedient and stubburne against the.

As a common harlot is without shame, euen so am I without shame of my sinnes: for behold, I speake vnto the, and yet I synne more and more.

I haue lefte that whiche is good, and gone backe from the: and I haue not put my truste and hope in the, my maker, but haue sought for helpe and sauegarde otherwise.

I haue plowed wickednesse, and reaped iniquitie, and eaten the fruite of lyes: because I haue trusted in mine owne way.

I haue cast thy lawes behynd my backe, not regardynge thy commandementes, nor leauyng

mine owne leude customes.

I haue not geuen my herte to retourne to thy pathes: For I wolde not knowe the, but haue fallen through mine iniquitie.

I neuer vnto this daie turned truly vnto the with all my hert: but as a woman that breaketh hir fidelitee and promise vnto hir husband, euen so (o lord god) I haue broken my promise vnto the.

For I haue liued abhominably, & haue had no remors nor repentance for my euill dedes, but haue ronne from synne to synne, folowyng the lewde desyres of my herte.

Thou knowest all thynges (O lord) how I haue prouoked the to displeasure by my lewde in-

uenci-

uencions: and none of all my synnes be hid from the.

I hated thy discipline and correction: and regarded not thy wordes and saiynges.

I haue not done penaunce for my malice: but haue encreased in muche vanitee.

My herte hath been voyde of trueth: and my handes haue wrought vnrightuousnesse.

My tonge hath spoken sinfully: and I haue labored with the imaginacion of my hert to fynd out lyes and deceites, and no trueth hath ben in my waies I haue accustomed my tongue to speake trifles and vanitees, fulfillynge my fleshely desyres and thoughtes: my purposes and inuencions haue ben

contrary to thy wyll, wherby I haue offēded the eies of thy mateſtie.

Thou haſt ſene all theſe thynges (O lorde) and haſte holden thy peace, and yet they were euil in thy ſyght, and diſpleaſed the.

In thy angre thou haſte caſte me away, and art diuided from me now many daies.

Thou haſte geuen me vp to the deſyres of my hert: to do the thynges whiche be not ſemyng.

Wo I am, that I haue gone from the, greatte is my myſerie, that I haue led my life in ſinne.

Wo is me, that I haue forſaken the to do my deuiſes, not after thy mynde, to accomplyſhe my thoughtes, whiche haue not proceded of thy ſpirite, but haue

hea-

heaped vp synne vpon synne.

Myne infamie and repzoche is daily befoze mine eies: and foz shame I dare not shew my face.

And nowe (O lozde god) why forgettest thou me? why kepest thou awaie so longe thy mercie from me?

Here now my cause graciously, although thou haste ben displesed with me a great whyle: foz thou art mercifull: be not angry alwaies I beseche the.

Cast not away a contrite and a penitent persō, a wzetche, and an abiect, whiche humbly calleth vpon thy name.

Turne agayne a littell towarde me, O lozde god, and fozgeue me my mischeuous dedes.

Oz=

Ordre me not accordyng to my synnes, nor punisshe me as my wickednesse deserueth.

Shew not forthe thy power against a poore wretche: persecute hym not so sore, whiche is without all strength.

Turne not thy face away from my prayers: but accordyng to thy promisses, take me agayne vnto thy fauour.

For I am thine (O rightuous father) whome thy onely deere sonne hath redeemed with his precious bloudde

And now my soule abhorreth my old conuersacion: and of the (whiche arte iudge of all men) I aske mercy.

I do submit my selfe vnder thy mighty hande: for after thyne angre

angre thou shewest mercie, and in the tyme of tribulacion thou doest forgeue synnes.

I acknowledge, that I am a synner, besechyng the, lorde god almightie, of thy goodnesse to do with me accordyngly to thy great mercie.

I am confounded and ashamed to lifte vp myne eies vnto the, for my synnes are ascended vp vnto thy syght.

Against the (O father) against the I haue synned, and done euill before the: thou seest that mine iniquitee is great.

Truely I haue been an offender against the, euen from my cradle, and syns I sucked my mothers brestes I haue not ceassed to do euill.

Beholde, I was begotten in iniquitee: & my mother brought me into this worlde defiled with synne.

For the corne of an euyll seede is sowed in my herte, and howe much wickednesse hath spronge therof vnto this day, thou knowest, O lorde.

I can not shake of my synnes and offences, but I carie stylle with me thinfamie of my youth.

Beholde lorde, I am sold vnder synne: and in my flesshe I synde not that whiche is good.

For the good that I woulde, that do I not, but the euill that I hate that I do.

All the thoughtes and imaginacions of my hert, haue ben set to do euil, euer sens I was yōg.

O why

O why do I die in my synnes lorde god: seyng thy will is not that a sinner die, but retourne from his synne and lyue:

For thou art good and mercifull, and accordynge to thy great mercy, saueſt theim that be vnworthy.

For albeit no man is able to beare the punishmente, whyche thou doeſt threaten againſt synners, yet the mercy, whiche thou haſt promiſed, is great and vnſercheable.

Thou haſt ſhewed mercy a thouſand tymes heretofore: to make thy name glorioule as it is euen yet ſtyll.

The olde fathers in their neceſſities cried vnto the, & thou dyddeſt delyuer them: they put

their trust in the: and thei were not confunded.

When they were at their wittes ende, and wiste not what to do: this was their only refuge, to lift vp their eies to the.

Thou diddest saue theim for thy names sake, to shew in them thy myght and strengh.

Many a time thei prouoked the through theyr iniquitees, and stirred thy goodnesse to displeasure.

Yet whan thou sawest theyr tribulacion, and their lowly submission vnto the,

Thou diddest remembre thy promise, and by and by haddest pitie and cõpassion vpon them: accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies.

Haue mercy vpon me (O lord God omnipotent) haue mercy vpon me: for I am a miserable and a wretched creature: Make me hole I beseche the, whom thou hast striken for my synne and iniquitee.

My soule is troubled gretly: and how longe (O lorde) wylte thou not loke towardes me?

How longe wilt thou reiect my praier thus cryingout vnto the? wylt thou heare me at no tyme? how longe wylt thou tourne awaye thy face from me?

where be thy olde mercies (O lord) whom thou hast stablished in thy truth.

wilt thou now (O lorde god) ceasse to shew mercy? or wylte thou withdrawe thy goodnesse

for displeasure.

Haste thou cast me away for euer: that thou wilt neuer here after be pleased with me?

Thy hande is not weakened, but it maie helpe: and thy eares be not stopped, that they refuse to heare.

Howe longe shall my mynde be troubled with peinefull and heauy thoughtes? Howe longe shall sorow tourment my herte? Howe longe shall mine enemy haue the ouerhande of me? loke towardes me (lorde god) and here my praier.

Geue lyght to myne eies, for I haue slepte to longe in deathe: and my synnes haue preuayled against me.

Turne againe, O lorde, turne

againe

againe, and deliuer my soule: and saue me for thy greate mercies sake.

Lo now is the accepted time: nowe be the daies of health and grace.

In death who shal remembre the: or in hell who shall laude or praise the:

He that liueth, he that liueth, shall praise the: and shall make thy mercy knowen.

Lorde, rebuke me not in thyne angre: nor punisshe me in thy great displeasure.

Cast not thy dartes at me: nor lay not thy heauy hande vppon me.

For I haue borne thine angre a longe while, and of the cuppe of thy hygh displeasure I haue

dronke very depe.

There is no helth in my flesh for feare of thy displeasure: I haue no peace nor rest, when I beholde my sinnes.

My iniquitees bee gone ouer my hed: and like an heauie burdein they daily presse me doune.

The woundes in my soule do fester and stinke euen thorough mine owne foly.

I am a wretche cast away from thy fauour and presence, and go mournyng all the day long.

My soule is full of filthinesse, and no part of me is whole and sounde.

Wherfore my enemies do persecute me the more, the gretnesse of my peyne waketh me to rore and crie.

My herte fainteth and trembleth within me, and my strēgth is gone awaie.

O lorde, thou knowest my desire, and thou seest my necessitee.

Forgeue me all my synnes (O lorde god almightie) for thy owne sake, and put out of thy syght my heynous offences, for according to thy goodnesse thou haste promised forgeuenesse of sinnes to them that do penance.

Haue mercie on me lorde, for the glorie and honoure of thy name, and be no longer displeased with me, and then thou shalt surely be knowen to be iust and true in thy wordes, and shalt ouercome when thou art iudged.

For by this, thy great grace shalbe knowen: that thou takest

mercy on them, whiche haue not wherof thei maie glorie in thy syght.

And all the dwellers on ỹ erth shall lerne and know thy goodnes, whan thou shalt conferre & geue thy benefites to vs for thy great names sake, and not after our euill waies & wicked dedes.

Verily lorde god, excepte thou shew vnto vs thy manifold mercies, the worlde shall not haue life, nor thei that dwell therein.

And if thou helpe vs not with thy goodnesse, howe maie they, whiche haue offended, be reysed vp from theyr synnes?

Haue mercy on me, O good father, haue mercie on me, and for thy glorious name, bee no longer angry with me.

Take

Take me sinner vnto thy mercy for the name of thy holy son Jesu, whom thou haste sente to be the obteiner of mercy for our synnes through faythe in his bloude.

Beholde holy father, beholde thy chylde, whome thou haste chosen: beholde thy welbeloued sonne, in whome thy soule delyteth: vpon whom thou hast put thy holy spirite, and sent hym to preche the gospel to the poore, to heale them, whiche for theyr sinnes be sorowful and contrite: to comforte theim that mourne, to preach pardon to the prisoners, and sight to the blynde.

Beholde thy littell one, whiche was borne for vs: beholde thy son, whiche is geuen to vs,

whome thou haste not spared, but geuen to death for vs all, to be a sweete offeryng and a sacrifice to the.

Uerely he tooke vppon hym, in his bodie, oure infirmitees, and he bare our peines.

He was made weake for our synnes: and he was wounded for our offences.

The correction for our peace was layde vppon hym, and by the strokes that he suffred, our woundes were healed.

All we went a stray like sheepe, euery one folowed his owne way, and thou (O lorde) puttest on him our iniquitees, strikyng hym for the offences of thy people.

He gaue his body to be beaten

and

and his chekes to be ſtriken, he tourned not away his face from them that ſcorned hym, and ſpit vpon him.

Through his loue and mercy, he hath redemed them that were loſte, and by his bloudde ſhedde on the Croſſe, he hath pacified all thinges in heauen and earth.

He gaue him ſelfe to death, and made his prayers for them whiche were offenders.

Loke (O mercifull father) and cõſider, who it is that thus dydde ſuffre: and remembre (I beſeche the) for whom he hath ſuffred.

For this is that innocente, whom thou gaueſt to death for vs, euen than whan we were

ſinners: and ſhall we not, beyng now iuſtified by his bloude, muche rather be ſaued from wrath through hym?

If we, when we were yet enemies, were reconciled to the by the death of thy ſonne: ſhall we not beyng reconciled, muche rather be ſaued by his life?

Beholde that pure and immaculate lambe, whiche taketh awaie the ſynnes of the world, by whoſe precious bloud we are redemed from our iniquities.

Loke vppon that moſte meke innocent, whiche like a lambe was led to his death: and beyng moſt cruelly intreated, ones opened not his mouth.

Beholde thyne onely ſonne, whom although thou begatteſt

of

of thy almighty power, substãce and nature: yet thou woldest he shuld be ptaker of my infirmity.

Whiche beyng god in nature thought it no rauin to be equall with god, but made hym selfe low, taking vpon hym the shape of a seruaunt, and commyng in the similitude of synfull flesshe, condemned synne in the flesshe, submittyng hym selfe vnto the father, euen to the deathe, of the crosse, and there put out the hand writyng that was against vs conteyned in the lawe written, & takyng it out of the waie, fastened it to his crosse, on the which he spoiled potestates and powers, and made a shewe of them openly, and triumphed ouer theim in his owne person.

Turne

Turne the eyes of thy maie-
ſtie (O lord god) and loke vpon
the worke of thy ineffable good-
neſſe.

Behold thine owne ſwete ſon,
how all his body was drawen
and ſtretched forth on the croſſe.

Loke vppon all the partes of
his bodye, from the crowne of
the heade vnto the ſole of the
fote, and no peine ſhalbe founde
like vnto his peine.

Behold (O louing father) the
bleſſed heade of thy deere ſonne
crowned with ſharpe thornes,
and the bloude rennyng downe
vpon his godly viſage.

Beholde his tender body, how
it is ſcourged: his noked breſte
is ſtriken and beaten: his blod-
dy ſide is thraſted through: his

herte panteth: his sinewes bee stretched forth: his godly eyes dasell and lose their sight: his princely face is wanne and pale, his pleasant tongue is inflamed for peyne: his inwarde partes ware drie and starke: his armes both blew and wanne be stiffe, his bones be plucked one from an other: his beautifull legges be feble and weake: and the stremes of bloudde issuyng out of his bodie, renne downe apace vpon his feete.

Loke (O my maker) vpon the humanitee and tentilnesse of thy dere sonne: and pitie the infirmitee of thy weake hãdy worke.

Behelde (O glorious father) the body of thy dere sonne, all to rente and torne: and remembre

I be-

I beſeche the, of how ſmall ſub-
ſtance I am.

Loke vpon the peyne of hym
that is both god and man: and
releaſe the miſery of mā, whom
thou haſte made.

Beholde the greuous ſufferyng
of the redemer, and forgeue the
ſynne of hym that is redemed.

Kepe me from all euill waies:
and teache me by thy holy ſpi-
rite, to choſe the waie of truth.

I beſeche the (O thou kynge
of holineſſe) by hym that is
moſt holie, by this my redemer
Chriſte, that thou bryngе me a-
gaine into the right waie, that
I maie be vnited and made one
with hym in ſpirite, whiche ab-
horred not to be vnited with me
in fleſche.

Make

Make me to goe perfectly in thy pathes: and to hate all wicked waies.

Wasshe my hert from malice, and clense me from my secrete synnes.

Clense me (O holie father) with the bloude of the newe testament of thy welbeloued sonne, whiche hath loued vs, and wasshed vs with his bloude from our synnes, and hath redemed vs from all iniquitee.

Purifie my hert by the sanctificacion of thy spirite, and the sprinklyng of the bloude of thy sonne, from all filthinesse of syn, and euill conscience.

O god almighty, be mercifull vnto me sinner: for thy glorious name sake, and remembre my

synnes

ſynnes no longer.

For thou art god, gracious and mercyfull, and pacientlye doſt ſuffre vs: and woldeſt that no man ſhould periſhe, but that al men ſhuld returne to penãce. Make me (O lorde god) to returne from my euyll waies and wycked thoughtes.

Remembre not the ſinnes and abhominacions of my youth: accordyng to thy mercy, be mind full of me for thy goodneſſe ſake O lorde.

Loke not vpon me with a greuous countenance: for there is no man that dare ſpeake for me.

Entre not into iugement with thy ſeruaunt, for if thou accuſe me, I ſhall neuer be quitte.

For if thou (O lorde) marke my

my ſynnes and iniquitee: who ſhall not fall before the.

This is certaine and ſure, that than in thy ſight no man liuyng ſhalbe iuſtified, ſeyng thou haſt found iniquitie euen in the angelles.

Howe muche rather in man, which is abhomination and filthineſſe, & dwelleth in the earthly houſe of this body, and drynketh iniquitie as it were water.

Who is clene from filthineſſe, whan all be corrupted: truly not one: no though he haue lyued but one daie on the earthe: and though his monethes maie be eaſily numbred.

Of a trueth there is no mortall man, whiche hath not done wickedly: nor there is any right-

wise on earth, whiche doth good and sinneth not.

Yet because mercy is in thy hande (O lorde) although thou be dredeful, my hope is in the, in whom my soule trusteth.

My soule loketh for the, because mercie and plentifull redempcion is with the.

For this I knowe assuredly, that thou wilt not cast me away for euer: but although thou cast me awaie for my sinnes a while, yet thou wilt haue mercie vpon me againe, according to the multitude of thy mercies.

For thou (O lorde) arte full of pitie and mercy: and wylte not turne thy face awaie from vs, if we will returne to the.

Thou art our god, full of swe-

tenes

tenesse, veritee, and pacyence, and disposest all thynges by mercie.

The fountaynes of thy goodnesse be euer full and flow ouer: thy grace neuer decaieth.

All thy waies be mercie and trueth to them that seke out thy couenaunt and testimonies.

Howe gentle and louynge the father is to his children, so gentle a louyng arte thou (O lorde) to theim that feare the, and for the haboundaunce of thy mercy thou doest pardon our infirmities.

Thou knowest thyne owne handy worke: thou remembrest what we are: thou seest that we are flesche, and of no strength.

Thou hast not forgotten, that

this worlde is full of vnrygh-teousnesse and wickednesse: and that it is wholly sette and bent on euill.

Yet neuerthelcs thou art mer-cyfull, and full of grace, and like a mercifull lorde, forbearest to punish sinners, whan thei re-pent them selfe, and returne frō their sinnes.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lorde god my sauiour) for the glorie of thy name: and deliuer me, and forgeue me my synnes for thy names sake.

O rightuous father, loke not straitely vpon the multitude of my synnes: but loke on the face of Jesu thy holy sonne, whiche beyng without synne, bare our synnes in his bodie on the tree

of

of the crosse.

Turne awaie thy face from my synnes: and put out all my iniquities.

Make a cleane hert in me (O god) and renue me with a right spirite.

Caste me not awaie from thy presence, and take not thy holy spirite from me.

Geue me againe the comforte of thy helpe: and stablisshe me with thy mighty spirite.

Mollifie my herte (O lorde god) that I may returne to thy pathes: for I haue wandred ouer longe in the waie of errour:

Tourne me to the, and I shal be turned: for thou art my maker: and I am the claye and worke of thy handes.

Turne not thy face awaie from me, nor goe not from thy seruant in thyne angre.

Be my helper, and forsake me not, dispise me not (O lorde) whiche art my God, and my health. Amen.

¶ The seconde psalme.

For remission of synnes.

O Most myghty god of aungels & of men: whose iudgementes be vnserchable: & whose wisdome is profound and depe.

Here the praiers of thy seruaunt: and caste not awaie the humble suites of thy poore creature and handy worke.

For as longe as I shall liue, I wil speke vnto the: and I will not

not holde my peace, so longe as the breath is in my body.

I do turne my soule vnto the, and I set mine eies directly vpon the.

Leat thine angre be turned away from me, I beseche the, and graunt, that I maie finde grace and fauour in thy syght.

Accordyng to the greatnesse of thy mercie, forgeue me all my synnes.

Plucke me away from mine heinous offences: and heale my soule, whiche hath offended the, make me free from the guilt of my transgression: for I acknowlage my iniquitie, and am sory for my synnes.

I haue forsaken thy way, and I, knowynge thy commaun-

dementes, haue done al thinges contrary to them.

I haue broken the couenaunt that I made with the: and haue dispised to kepe thy lawe.

Verily I haue synned agaynst the (O lorde god) and the blemishe of my synne abydeth styll with me, euen vnto this day.

I haue forsaken the (O god my maker) and gone away from the my sauiour, and haue rebelled against the, like the ore that wynceth and stryueth whan he shuld be yoked.

I haue hardened my herte against the: and I haue lyfted vp my necke proudely after my synne.

I haue trusted in lyes, and through deceit wold not know-

lage

lage the: but I haue folowed the lewdneſſe of my hert.

My pride and arrogancy haue beguyled me: and the fooyſhe boldeneſſe of my herte hathe brought me into deſolate waies.

Myne owne counſayles & aduyſes haue wrought me theſe thynges: ſuch is the malice and rebellion that poſſeſſeth the hertes of men.

My ſoule is putte from quietneſſe and reſte, and I can not thinke of any good thyng.

The yoke of my ſinnes is waxed very heauy: it is lifted vp and faſtned about my necke.

Thou haſte ſpoken to me, but I wold not heare: Thou haſte called me, but I wolde not anſwere. I beleued not thy wor-

des, nor wolde abyde thy counsayle.

I regarded not thy holy word: and I gaue not my mind to thy saiynges.

Thou haste striken me, but I wolde not knowe the cause therof: thou haste corrected me, but I would not take thy disciplyne.

I dyd not consyder in my hert, that thou woldest not forgette my synne and malice.

With my mouth and my lyppes I glorified the: but my hert was farre from the.

I hyd my sinne as adam dyd: to the entent to haue my iniquitee vnknowen.

I ared not counsayle of thy mouth: and I wold not folowe

thy

thy law.

I haue synned before thyne eyes, and therefore my soule is made vnstable.

I forsoke the, whiche arte the fountayne of continuall spryngyng waters: to the entent to digge to my selfe muddy pittes, whiche haue no water.

In all these thynges, I am not retourned to the: Nor I haue not praied vnto the, that I myghte leaue my wycked waies.

Se lorde, and beholde, how vyle I am made: all the beaultie of my soule is perisshed and gone: in so muche that nowe I dare not in any wise behold and loke vpon the.

And there was no cause why

I

I ſhould forſake the, and vainly folow vaine thynges.

Lorde haue mercie vppon me, and here my prayers: for thou arte my god, and there is no ſauiour beſides the.

Turne away from me thy heauie diſpleaſure: and diſtroy me not for the ſinnes of my youth.

I humbly beſeche the (O lord) forgeue me, forgeue me for thy exceedyng mercy.

O lorde god of hoſtes, if thou be determined to ſaue, who can let or reſiſt: if thou ſtretche out thy hande, who ſhall turne the away:

Thou maieſt do to me as the potter doeth to his potte: for (beholde) I am in thy hande, as the clay is in his.

Amend

Amende me (O lorde) but in mercie, not in thine angre, least thou vtterly consume me: make me to vnderstande and knowe howhurtful and deadly a thing it is to forsake the, my lord god, and to caste away from me, the feare of the.

There is no man, that can heale me nor cure my plage: no man can deliuer me, but thou (O lorde) whiche woundest and makest hole: whiche strikest and healest againe.

My distruction cometh of my selfe: my helpe and saluacion standeth onely in the.

For none is like vnto the, thou art myghty: and greatte is the name of thy strength.

Turne me to the (O lord) and

I shall

I shall be tourned: take awaye from me this synfull herte, that thy law maie bringe forth fruite in me.

Remembre me lorde, for thy goodnesse sake: and for the great loue that thou beareſt towardes me.

O lorde god (beholde) thou haſte made bothe heauen and earth by thy great myght: and nothyng is harde to the.

Thou arte that puiſſant and mightie, whoſe name is the lorde of hoſtes: gret and meruailous in thy counſaile.

As ſone as thou haſt ſpoken the worde, all thynges be done: as ſoone as thou haſt commanded, thynges be: and thy worde returneth not to the, voide and

with

without effecte.

Thou (O lorde god) shewest mercy vnto al: for thou canst do all: and thou makest as though thou sawest not the synnes of men, because they shulde do penance, and amende their liues.

For thou louest all thynges that be: and hatest nothyng that thou haste made: for nothynge thou madest or hast ordeined of any hatred.

Thou sparest and tendrest all men: for all thynges be thyne, & thou louest the soules of men. Thou doest ministre mercy, equitie, and iustice in the earthe: and therefore in these vertues thou greatly delitest.

Truly (O lord) ỹ art rightous & gracious, not withstanding I haue

haue offended the, transgressing thy couenaunt, and trespassyng agaynst the.

O lorde, thou hast seen all my abhominacions: looke on my cause, and consyder, howe vyle and wretched I am: see and beholde my great confusion.

In the tyme of reconsiliacion heare me, and in the daie of saluacion haue mercie on me.

Be mercifull vnto me, & haue mercy on me, whiche haue none other helpe but the: whose wyll nothyng can resiste: whan so euer thou doest purpose to saue.

Here me, whiche am a wretche makyng supplicacion vnto the make me to truste in thy name: and deliuer me by thy power.

Haue regarde to me from hea-

uen

uen, O lorde, and loke downe from thy holy habitacion: and from the throne of thy glory.

Distroy me not because of my iniquitee: but remembre the sorow and peine that I suffre.

Be not still angry with me (O lorde) forget all my synnes, and remembre them no longer.

Let my praier ascende vp vnto the: saie vnto my soule, Behold I am come to the, thy helth and thy saluacion. Amen.

The thirde psalme.

For remission of synnes.

O God eternall, iuste and holy: whiche kepest couenant and mercy with thē that loue the and kepe thy commādementes.

Loke at me, and haue mercie vpon me: for I haue trespassed agaynst the: and done euyll in thy syght.

Shewe foorth vpon me the tendre affections of thy mercy, that thy seruaunt maie haue an hert to pray vnto the.

I humbly make my praier before thy face, not trustyng in myne owne rightuousnesse, but in thy great mercies.

For I am vnclene and filthy: and all my rightousnesse is lyke a foule blouddy cloute.

Unto the (O lorde) be iustice, mercie, and pitie: but vnto me be confusion and shame, for my iniquities.

Certainely euen from my beginnyng I haue vsed my selfe proudly

proudely againste the, dooeyng wickedly and ceassyng not.

O lorde, thou haste redemed me, and yet I haue not ceassed to offende the, and my hert hath not ben streight in thy sight.

Thou hast taught and instructed me, and stablissched my power, and I haue ben euill affected towardes the, beyng lyke vnto a deceitfull bow.

My pryde and presumpcion accuse me to my face, I am ouerthrowen in mine owne wickednesse: I do seke the (O lorde) I befeche the, that I maie fynde the: thou arte separated from me: for I haue gredily folowed filthinesse.

Yet will I accuse mine owne synfull waies before the (O

lorde) vntill thou haue mercie vpon me, and receiue me againe into thy fauour.

God forbyd, that euer I shuld depart from the againe, and not dylygently seke for thy promyses.

I wyll neuer holde my peace, nor kepe silence: vntyll thou haue establyshed that couenant with me, whiche thou haste made and ordeygned in tymes paste:

That is to saie, lyke as the iustice of a iuste man shall not delyuer or saue hym, what tyme so euer he shall offende: So the wickednesse of a wycked manne shall not hurte hym, what tyme so euer he shall returne from his wickednesse.

In

In hope of this (O lorde god) I wyll tary thy pleasure: for thou art good to theim that trust in the, and to the soule that seketh the.

Thou kepest thy trueth for euermore: and the woorde whiche issueth furthe of thy mouth, shall not be voyde, and of none effecte.

Distroie me not (good lorde) for my synnes: nor reserue not eternall punishment for me.

Open thyne eies, and beholde the greatnesse of my peyne and affliction: for my iniquitie is greatte in thy syghte: and my synnes haue broughte me in to this trouble.

Distroye me not vtterly, nor

leaue me in my ſinnes: for thou art god of mercy, and very gracious.

Execute not the punyſſhemente vppon me, whiche thou haddeſt pourpoſed: dooe to me accordig to thy name: although my defaultes and ſinnes be many.

O lorde, thou arte my god: and thy name hath ben putte vpon me: Leaue me not in the depeneſſe of my troubles.

Thou haſt chaſtiſed and reformed many, and haſte ſtrengthed the wery handes, thy wordes haue ſet vp hym that ſtagered: and thou haſt made ſtreight the croked knees.

Wherfore I wyll ſeeke the

O lorde

(O lorde) god whiche haste wrought great thynges vnsercheable and innumerable.

Thou haste taken vppe the poore out of the duste, and hast exalted theym, whiche were abiectes.

For thou dooest deliuer the poore in his miserie out of the strayte and bottomeleſſe pytte of tribulacion: and out of the wyde mouth of anguyſſhe and affliction, into reſte and quietneſſe.

Thou art gracious and mercifull, for that thou ſheweſt mercie to theim, whiche be not yet come into the worlde: and thou art very mercifull to them, whiche diligently obſerue and kepe thy lawes: and thou doeſt pacy-

 ently

ently ſuffre ſynners: geuynge theim tyme and place, whereby thei maie be changed from their malyce.

Here me poore wretche makyng ſupplicacion vnto the: for in the and in thy name, I haue put my truſt and affiance.

Take me thy ſeruaunt vnto the, and make me good, and let me not be diſappoincted of that that I loke for.

Come agayne (O lorde god) and ſaue my ſoule: deſtroye me not, whom thou haſte redeemed by thy great might and power.

Loke not vpon the hardnes of my herte, nor vpon my ſynnes: but lyke as thou haſte many tymes ſhewed mercie, ſo nowe bee mercifull and forgeue me.

Here

Here me (O lorde) and be pacified: regard my praier, and do accordyng to thy great name.

O lorde, I loke to haue helpe and saluacio from the: and this is my daily meditacion, and exercise.

For thy mercies be great: and thy goodnesse is inestimable.

Heare me nowe fauourably: and withholde thy mercies no longer from me.

In the way of thy iudgementes I wyll loke after the: my soule desyreth to magnifie thy name, and to haue the in memorie.

Incline my herte to do thy commaundementes: and directe my waies euermore in thy sight.

Let me neuer hereafter goe awaie from thy waies: nor leaue

me not nowe in the depenesse of my troubles.

Turne not thine eies awaie from me: but teache me (O lord) to do those thynges, whiche are pleasant in thy sight.

Make a perpetuall leage and couenaunte with me, that thou wilt put thy feare into my herte: that I neuer swarue from the in all my lyfe.

Withdrawe not thy goodnesse from me for euer, but keepe thy promise and fidelitee.

Be good vnto me with benevolence and fauour: for thou art mercifull, and thy displeasure continueth not for euer.

Remembre me with fauour and kyndnesse: and visyte me with thy saluacion.

I knowe (O lorde god) that thou art gracious and mercyfull, pacient, and of great mercifulnesse.

Thou art good and mercifull, thou kepest couenant and mercy with thy seruãtes, whiche walke before the in their hole hert.

There is none other god but thou, whiche regardest and carest for all.

For thou haste ben euer verey mercifull to me: deliuerynge my soule from the depe hell.

Let thy goodnesse (O lorde) be euer with me, for all my wealth restethonely in the.

In the tyme of tribulacion I call vpon the (O lorde) for thou art nigh vnto theim, whiche call vpon thy holy name.

Suc-

Succour me (O god) and loke merily vppon me: shewe me the lyght of thy countenaunce: in the my soule trusteth, and my herte reioyceth.

Let my prayer come vnto thy throne: bowe downe thyne eare vnto my crie.

Here me nowe beyng penitent (O lorde) whom thou haste hytherto pacientiy suffred: to thintent I shuld repent and amende my lyfe.

O god, I haue opened vnto the my life: saue me for thy name sake: for my trust is in the.

What care I for worldly thinges: This one thynge onely I nede and desire, that I may find grace and fauour in thy syght,

Wherefore I beseche the (O

lorde god) take awaie from me this peine and sorow: or at leaste wise mitigate and asswage it, o=ther by comfort or by counsaile, or by what menes so euer it shall be seene good to the.

The fourth psalme, is a complaynt of a penitent sinner whiche is sore troubled and ouercome with sinnes.

O Lorde god mercifull and pacient: and of muche mer=cifulnesse and trueth.

Whiche for thy aboundaunte charitee, and accordyng to thy great mercie, hast taken vs out from the power of darknes: and haste saued vs by the fountaine of regeneracion and newe birth,

and

and the renewyng of the holy goſt: whom thou haſt ſhed vpon vs abundantely by Jeſu Chriſte our ſauiour.

If I haue founde grace and fauour in thy ſyght: ſuffre me to ſpeake a woꝛde vnto the: and be not diſpleaſed with me.

Why dooeſt thou euer foꝛget me: and leaueſt me in the mydes of my troubles and euyls?

Where is become thy zeale and thy ſtrength? where is the multitude of thy tendꝛe affections: and of thy mercies?

O loꝛde, maie not he which is fallen, ryſe vp againe? oꝛ maie not he, whiche hath gone awaie from the returne to the againe?

Shall my ſoꝛow euer endure? ſhall my wounde be vncurable

and

and neuer healed?

How cometh it to passe, that I still tourne awaie from the? my synne daiely increaseth, and of my selfe I can not retourne.

In as much as it is not geuen to man to direct his owne waies: neither to make perfect his owne procedynges.

For in thy hande is the life of euery liuyng thyng: and the spirite also of euery man.

Thou shewest thy mercy to whom thou wilt: and thou art gracious to theim, whom thou fauourest.

Thou doest kill, and thou dost quicken, thou leadest downe to hel gate, and bringest vp again.

Thy eyes beholde the waies of euery man: and thou searchest

the

the hertes of men.

There is no place so secrete or darke, wherin sinnes maie hide them selues from the.

Nor any man maie so lurke and hide him selfe in caues: but thou shalt se him, whiche dooest fulfill both heauen and earth in euery parte.

Why hast thou cast me away from thy presence? and takest me for thy enemy?

Why hast thou layde vppon my heade the heauy weyght of my sinnes? seyng no man is hable to beare thy displeasure.

What meaneth it, that thou shewest thy power agaynste a wretche? why destroiest me for the synnes of my youth?

If I haue synned, what shall

I

I doe to the? and if my synnes be increased, what shall I doe?

If I doe iustely, what shall I geue to thee? or what shalt thou receiue at my hande?

My wickednesse shall hurt my selfe: and my rightousnesse shall profite me:

The life of man is a temptacion vpon the earth: and if I haue synned (as all men haue) what may I do?

Shall any man bee fownde cleane and withoute synne before the? or shall any manne bee without default in his dedes?

Howe may a mortall man bee pure from sinne in thy syght? or how may he, which is borne of a woman be rightuous?

Remembre (O lorde) I beseche

the, that thou haſte made me of the earth: and that thou ſhalte bryng me agayne into the duſte of death.

My dayes paſſe and vanyſhe awaie lyke ſmoke: they waſte dayly, there is no taryng.

My lyfe flieth awaie as the wynd: and conſidereth not that whiche is good.

I was but lately borne into this world, and ſhortly I ſhalbe taken away hence by death, I neuer continue ſtill in one ſtate.

The daies of my life be few, and ſhort: thou haſt appointed an ende, which I ſhal not paſſe.

Naked and bare I came oute of my mothers wombe: and naked and bare I ſhall retourne agayne: truely all men liuyng

are

are vanitie.

Haue pitie (O lorde) on them that are in myserie: and dispise not the worckes of thy handes.

Though we synne, yet are we vnder the: for we know thy power and strēgth: and if we sinne not, than are we sure that thou regardest vs.

Ceasse thy indignacion (O lorde) and tourne it from me: and cast all my synnes behynde thy backe.

Take away thy plages from me: for thy punyshement hath made me both feble and fainte.

For whan thou chastisest a man for his synnes, thou causest hym by and by to consume and pine awaie.

What so euer is delectable in

hym, perisheth like vnto the clothe that is eaté with moughtes.

Woulde god I had one to defende me a whyle, vntill thy anger were tourned away: or that thou wouldest sette me a tyme, in the whiche thou wouldest remembre me.

I am cleane cast away from thy presence: shall I neuer here after see thy face againe?

Beholde, I haue opened the griefes of my soule: the daies of my sorowes haue taken me.

The flouddes of tribulacion compasse me rounde about: and the streames of thy fury renne ouer me.

And I crie vnto the (O lorde god) but thou hearest me not: I aske mercie: but thou reiectest

ctest my prayers.

Why thrastest thou downe a poore wretche from thy presence? or why forsakest me so longe tyme?

Why takest not away my iniquitie? and why puttest thou not away the wickednesse of my herte?

Arise and tary no longer (O lorde) aryse, and reiect me not for euer.

Haue me in remembraunce, I beseche the: for I thoroughly tremble and shake for feare.

Yet I wyl not holde my tonge, but crie still vnto the with a mournyng and an heauy herte.

Turne awaie the stroke of thy vengeance from me: bryng my minde out of troubles in to rest.

I am here no longer continuer, but a pilgrym and a straunger as all other moztall men be.

And what is man, that thou shuldest be angry with hym? oz what is mankynde, that thou shouldest be so heauy lozde vnto vs?

what, wilt thou bzyng sozow vpon sozow? I pant foz peyne and fynde no rest.

My sozowe greueth me whan I shuld eate, and sodeine sighes ouerwheline my herte.

I am as if my bones were all to bzoken, whan I here myne enemies rayle vpon me, and saie to me day by day, wher is thy god?

why tourneſt thou thy face awaye from these thynges (O lozde?) why hast thou no regard

of my trouble:

I earnestly make my prayers dayly in thy sight: and the heauynesse of my herte I dooe shew vnto the.

My spirite is careful and troubled within me: and desperacion hath entred into my herte.

Is it thy pleasure (O lorde god) to caste away thyne owne handy worke:

Delyuer my sowle from corrupcion, and my life from euerlastyng darkenesse.

What auaileth it me, that euer I was borne, if thou cast me streight into damnacion: seyng that the deade shall not preise the, nor any of theim whiche goe downe to hell.

I haue sinned, what shall I

do to the: why hast thou put me to be contrary to the: I am wery of myne owne selfe.

Why serrhest thou out my sinnes so narowly: whan there is no man that can take out of thy hande:

If I woulde saie, that I were ryghtuous and without synne: than thou myghtest worthyly condemne me to the fyre prepared for the diuel and his angels. But I cõfesse, that I am a sinner, and I do humble my hert in thy syght.

Surely if any man wold stãde with the in iudgemẽt, he shal not be able to answere one worde to a thousand thynges, wherwith thou mightest charge hym.

This maketh me to feare all my

my dedes: knowyng that thou ſpareſt not hym that offendeth.

If I loke vpon thy power, O howe mightie and ſtronge thou art (if I ſhal cal for iudgement, who ſhal defende my mattier, or ſpeake for me?

To the (O lord) I call and cry: to the my god, I make myne humble ſuite.

Turne away thine angre from me: that I maie knowe, that thou art more mercifull vnto me than my ſynnes deſerue.

What is my ſtrength, that I maie endure? or what is thende of my trouble, that my ſoule mai pacientlye abide it?

My ſtrength is not a ſtonie ſtrength: and my fleſhe is not made of braſſe.

There is no helpe in my selfe, and my strength fleeth awaye from me.

Although thou hyde these thinges in thy herte: yet I knowe, that thou wilt remembre me at length.

For thou arte true and iust (O lorde god) thou dost not condēne vniustely: which rewardest man accordyng to his desertes.

All this is com vnto me because I haue forgotten the: & not vsed my selfe truely in thy testament.

My hert hath tourned backeward: and I haue folowed the desires of my flesshe.

And thou hast surely knowen this thing: whiche knowest the secretes of the herte.

Lay not agaynst me (O lorde) the

the sinnes of my youth: nor haue in remembrance mine olde iniuries done against the.

Daily sorow ouercometh me: and sadnesse possesseth my herte. I loke after peace, but I cā not haue it: I loke for a time of helthe, but my griefe cōtinueth stil.

When the time of thine angre is past, leat mercy come, yet am I vnhappie more and more.

Wo and alas that euer I sinned: my herte therfore mourneth and is sad, all mirth and ioy bee banished from me.

How am I wasted: howe miserably am I confounded: because I haue forsaken and caste away thy lawe.

Death hath ascended vp by the windowes: persyng the inward

partes

partes of my herte.

When I daily, one while muse secretely with my selfe, an other while with loude voyce crie out and complaine: the meane tyme my lyfe draweth nere to the pit.

Who shall geue me a place to rest in from all my griefes and troubles? and I wyll forsake all men, and get me awaie from theim.

Who shal geue me water to my hed, and a fountain of teares to mine eies? that I may bewayle my synnes both night and daie.

And I will loke for hym, whiche may saue me: and deliuer me from the wrath to come.

I haue no trust neither in lyfe nor death: but I feare thy iudgement (O lord) and the peines pre-

prepared for wicked sinners.

The feare of my sinne maketh me carefull: and the burdeine of my cõscience oppresseth me sore.

O god, whiche tenderly louest mankinde, and art moste ryghtfull iudge: spare me nowe I beseche the, and shewe me some fauour while time is.

Forgeue that whiche I feare, put away that whiche I dread: before I depart hence, and shall not retourne againe.

My sinnes do vexe and trouble me sore: thei be so great that none can be greatter.

Alas my fall, alas my miserie, alas the griefe of my plage, and stroke: certeinly my sinne is the cause of all this, and so I wyll take and suffre it.

The

¶ The fyfthe psalme.

For the obteignyng of godly wysedome.

O Lorde god of mercie, which by thy worde hast made all thynges: and by thy wysedome hast created man.

O god eternall, to whom all thynges be knowen, be they neuer so secrete: which knowest all thynges before they be done.

Open my lyppes, and my mouth, that I maie speake and shew forth the glorie and preyse of thy name.

Geue me a new herte, and a right spirite: and take from me all wicked and sinfull desires.

O lord, I am foolish, ignorant and blind, whan I am destitute of

of thy knowlage.

I am ignorannt and without intelligence, my dulneſſe is ſo greate, that my eies can not ſee, nor my herte perceiue.

Yea I am a very babe and a chylde, and know ful littell mine owne life and conuerſacion.

My lyppes be defiled and vncleane, my time is ſhorte, & I am not able to vnderſtand thy law.

Geue thy ſeruant, I beſech the, an herte apt to take learnyng: that I may knowe what thyng is acceptable in thy ſyght at all tymes.

Sende downe from heuen the ſpirit of thy wiſdom, & replenyſh my herte with knowlage therof.

Thy wyſedome, geueth trewe knowelage: and oute of thy mouth

mouth procedeth both counsaill and intelligence.

Thy wysedome openeth the mouth of the dumme: & maketh the tonge of infantes eloquent.

If any seme to bee perfect emong men: yet if thy wisedome forsake hym: he shall be reckened nothyng worth.

Thy wysedome is to menne a treasure that faileth not: which who so vse, thei are ioined to god in loue and amitie.

How well it is with that man whiche is witty in this behalfe: and hath his soule indued with thy wisedome.

What man in all the worlde knoweth thy counsaile: or who can compasse in his minde what thy wyll is:

Who can comprehend thy purpose and minde: except thou geue him wisedome, and instruct him with thy holy spirite.

For mens reasons doe faile in many thynges: and their forecastes and inuencions be vncertaine and vnsure.

For the mortal and corruptible body muche greueth the soule, and the earthly house of the body holdeth downe the mind, musyng vpon many thynges.

Counsayle and good successe commeth from aboue: where also wisedome is and vertue.

With the (O lorde) is ryches, glory, and rightuousnes, which be treasures incorruptible.

He that hath founde out the: hath founde lyfe: and he that

loueth not the, loueth death.

O lord god, touche my mouth, That my iniquitie maie be dryuen awaie: dwelle thou in my herte, that my synnes maie bee purged.

Wysedome doeth not entre into a malicious soule: nor will abyde in a body, whiche is subiect to synne.

Teache me (O lord god) least my ignorannce increase, and my synnes ware mo and mo.

Leat thy spirite teache me the thynges that be pleasaunt vnto the, that I may be led into the streight way out of errour, wher in I haue wandred ouer longe.

Let thy wisdome be stablished in my spirite: and write thy law in my herte.

Thy

Thy wysedome is to me moze precious then all riches: and I desire moze to haue it then all other thynges, bee they neuer so faire and goodly.

O lozde thou knowest, howe soze I am inflamed with the loue of thy wisedome, whiche is my onely study and meditacion.

O how pleasant and swete thy wozdes bee to my herte: truely muche moze than hony is to my mouth.

Thy wozde is a bright candel to my feete, & a light to my waies.

Thy wisedom pleseth me moze then thousandes of golde oz of siluer can do.

I haue moze pleasure and delectacion in the way of thy wisedome: then in great abundance

of treasure.

Wold god my waies maie be so ordered, that I may lerne thy wisedome, and thy woordes.

Thy worde geueth heate and inflameth: wherfore I greatly desire it.

O happie is he (lorde) whom thou instructest: and makest lerned in thy law.

His soule shall alway studie wisedome: and his tonge shall speake iudgement.

The law of god shalbe written in his hert: and he shall not be ouerthrowen as he goeth.

O lord, which art my god and my sauiour, here my prayer, and my tongue shal euer speake and set out thy mercies.

Geue me wisedome, whiche is

assistent

assistent to thy throne: that I may discerne betwene good and euill, and maie knowe thy holy misteries.

Open mine eies, that I may perceiue and behold the wonderful thynges, whiche bee in thy law.

Remembre thy worde nowe I call vpon the: for I haue put my hope in it, make me to knowe the waie of thy wisedome: and hyde not thy knowlage from me.

Order me accordyng to thy mercie, and disapoint me not of that I loke for.

Teache me right wisedom and intelligence: for thy wisedom is all that I desire.

Put thy worde in thy mouth: and fasten thy wisedome in my

hert.

Lette thy wysedome rule and guide my thoughtes: that they maie alwaies pleale the.

Thy wozdes be wonderful and meruailous: wherfoze my ſoule deliteth in them.

Thy wiſdome is perfect: and thy knowlage is clere, and geueth light to the eies.

It is moze amiable then gold and pzecious ſtones, it is farre ſwetter then the hony combe.

Thy wiſdome is pure and vndefiled, & maketh ſoules ſtrong: thy wozdes be certain and true, and geue vnderſtandyng vnto the ſimple.

Whan ſhall he that erreth in his ſpirite haue knowlage: and whan ſhall he that is ignozant haue

haue learnyng:

Whan wilt thou sende downe thy holye spiryte from aboue: whan shall the blynde herte bee lightned with knowlage: whan shall the tongue that stamereth be made eloquent:

I am lyke a babe without wisdome and discrecion: leat thy stronge hande (O lorde) be my healpe.

I knowe that thou canst doe all thynges, and no thynge is harde to the.

Thou art greatte (O lorde) and canste not bee knowen, and thy wisedome is infinite.

I haue declared my cause before the: do with thy seruant accordyng to thy great mercy.

Loke towarde me, and haue mercy vpō me: that I maie bryng to passe that, whiche I beleue & thynke maie be done by the.

Make the way of thy wisedom knowen vnto me, and replenysh my herte with the knowelage therof.

Here my voyce (O lord) accordyng to thy mercie: intreate me accordyng to iudgement.

Geue glory vnto thy name (O lorde) for thou onely art good and wise: and there is none other sauiour beside the.

Here me (O lord) for thy names sake: and withhold not thy mercy from me.

My lyppes shal speake and set forth thy laud and preise: whan thou hast taught me thy wisdōe.

Then

Then I will declare thy mer-
uayles: that other also maie bee
conuerted vnto the.

And maie blesse thy name for
euer, world without end. Amen.

The syxte psalme.

A christian man praieth, that he
maie be heard of god.

O Lorde here my prayers:
and let my cry come to the.

Turne not away thy face from
me in the day of my tribulacion.

What daie so euer I shall call
vpon the: here me (O lorde god,)

For thou art great and wor-
kest wōders: thou only art god.

Also thy workes be great: thy
thoughtes bee very profounde
and depe.

Bow downe thine eare vnto me: and here me, for I am poore, and without helpe.

Haue mercy vpon me (O lord) for when trouble cometh, I flee vnto the for succour.

Make gladde the soule of thy seruaunt: For I haue lyfted vp my hert vnto the.

O lord, thou art good and mercifull: and of muche mercie to all them that call vpon the.

Here my requeste and peticion: and graciously accepte my praiers.

O lorde god, in the I trust: let me not bee confounded, I beseche the: Deliuer me in thy righteousnesse.

Herken vnto the voyce of my crie (O my kynge and my god) for

For I make my humble ſuite vnto the.

Here my voice, with whiche I call vpon the: haue mercie vpon me, and ſaue me.

My praiers be euer vnto the (O lorde god) if that the tyme of thy gracious pleaſure ſhall come, whan that accordyng to the multitude of thy mercy thou wilt here me in the trueth of thy health.

Haue regard vnto me (O lord) for thy mercie is ſweete, according to the multitude of thy mercies, loke vpon me.

Go not farre away from me (O my god) but make haſte to helpe me.

Let my wordes be pleſant vnto the: & make that the thoughtes

tes and meditacion of my herte maie be acceptable afore the.

Turne not away thy face from thy seruaunt, for trouble riseth vp agaynst me on euery syde: wherfore now succour me.

My hert desireth the, my soule seketh for the: I tary and loke whan I maie beholde thy face. Turne not away thy face from me, cast not away thy seruaunt in a displeasure.

Thou hast alwaies helped me before this tyme: forsake me not now in my most nede, O my lord and my god.

To the I crie daily, go not away from me: and turne not the deffe eare vnto me.

Cause my prayer to entre into thy presence and let my crie come

vnto

vnto the.

Here me (O lorde) for I lyfte vppe my mynde vnto thy holie temple.

Helpe nowe in time of trouble, for vaine is the helpe of man.

I loke after thy helpe (O lord) and to thy iudgementes my will is conformable.

Loke vnto me, and take pitie vpon me: for I am poore and left alone.

O lorde god of hostes, if thou wilt, thou maiest helpe me: nothing can ouercome thy strenth.

My god, my god, leaue me not in these greuous tribulacions for thy great names sake.

O god, make hast to deliuer me, O lord make spede to helpe me.

Be cõtented to deliuer me: for

in

in the I truſt (O lorde god.)

Beholde, I haue no helpe in my ſelfe: there is no man that regardeth my neceſſitee.

I am poore, and in miſerie, and greatte calamitee: and my ſtrength is gone from me.

Ariſe vp (O lord) and declare thy glorie vnto thy ſeruaunt.

Let ſaluacion and helth come to me from the: that all my ennemies maie be aſhamed.

Thyne arme is mightie and ſtronge: and whan thou wylte, al thynges be obedient vnto the

Heauen is thine, yea and the earth is thine: thou madeſt the worlde, and all that is therin.

Let thy mercie comfort me: which ſurely I deſire more than this life.

I ſticke

1 I stycke to thy testemonies (O lorde) let me not be confounded.

Out of the depe I haue called vnto the (O lorde:) lorde heare my voyce.

O leat thine eares marke well the voyce of my complaint.

O lord, if thou impute my sinnes vnto me: howe maie I loke for thy grace and pardon?

But thy mercie exceedeth all thynges: and thy trueth passeth the heauens.

Wherefore my soule hath loked to the: and to the maketh humble praiers.

O god, be not styll, kepe not silence: but for thine owne sake see that thy holy name bee not

dishonoured

dishonoured.

Extende out thy mercy to them that call vpon the, and thy righteousenesse to theim that seke the.

I haue cast my burdein vpon the, beare me vp: and leate me not alwaies bee in wauerynge, seyng that I haue put my truste in the.

My soule cleaueth vnto the: make thy right hand to strēgth me agaynst the power of myne enemies.

Here me (O lorde) and delyuer me: incline thine eares vnto my prayers, and saue me, for I am poore: O lord, haue regard vnto me.

Thou (O lorde god) art my helpe and my sauiour.

O god

O god, thy waie is holy and rightful, what god is so great as thou (our god) art.

Thou doest meruailous thinges: thy name is the lorde: thou onely art the highest vppon all the earth.

Be now pacified toward thy seruant: and hyde thy face from me no longer.

Be good vnto me (Lorde) as thou arte full of goodnesse thy selfe, that I may glorie in the all the daies of my life.

My lyppes reioyce to synge prayse vnto the: and euen so doth my soule, whiche thou hast redeemed.

My herte shall alwaies studie thy ryghtuousenesse, whan they shall be confounded, which seke

to do me harme.

I wyll renne all the waie of thy commaundementes: whan thou ſhalte dilate and enlarge my herte. Amen.

The ſeuenthe pſalme.

For an ordre and direction of good liuyng.

TO the (O lorde) I lyfte vp my minde.

In the I truſt (O lorde god) let me not be cõfounded, leſt my enemies make me their ieſtyng ſtocke, and a matier to laugh at.

O lorde, make thy waies knowen vnto me: and trade me in thy pathes.

Directe me in thy trueth, and inſtructe me: for thou arte god my

my ſauiour: I loke after the e-uery day.

O lorde, thou art ſweete and ryghtfull: and bringeſt againe into thy waie, theim that went out.

Thou leadeſt ſtreyght in thy iudg ment theim that be mylde and tractable: and techeſt them that be meeke, thy woordes and teſtimonies.

Thou healeſt theim that be contrite in herte: and aſſuageſt their peines and griefes

Thou holdeſt vp al them, whiche els ſhuld fall: and al that are fallen: thou lifteſt vp againe.

Thou geueſt ſyghte to the blynde, and loſeſt them that be bounden.

Thou art nygh vnto all them

that cal vppon the: ſo that they call vppon the faithfully and hertily.

Thou fulfilleſt the deſyre of them that feare the: and heareſt their prayer, and ſaueſt them.

Haue mercy vpon me (O god) haue mercy vpon me: for in the my ſoule truſteth.

Verely my ſoule hath a ſpecial reſpecte vnto the: for my helthe, my glory, and all my ſtrength cometh from the.

For thine owne ſake (O lorde god) laie not my ſynnes to my charge.

I vnderſtande not all mine errours: innumerable troubles cloſe me rounde aboute, my ſynnes haue taken holde vpon me: and I am not able to loke vp.

Put to thy hande to helpe me: and leade me right in all my worꝛkes.

Make me to walke perfectly in thy waies, that no kynde of ſynne ouercome me.

Set a watche beforꝛe my mouthe: and keepe the dooꝛe of my lippes.

Let the worꝛdes of my mouth and the meditacion of my herte be euer pleaſant and acceptable in thy ſight.

Leat the wooꝛde of trueth neuer go away from my mouth: and ſuffre no malice to dwell in my herte.

O loꝛde, deliuer my ſoule from lyng lippes: and ſaue me from the deceitfull tongue.

Put into my mouthe thy true

and holy worde: and take clene from me all idell and vnfruitefull speache.

Delyuer me from fals surmises and accusacions of men: Rule me euen as thou thynkest good, after thy wyll and pleasure.

Turne awaie myne eies, that they beholde no vaine thynges: fasten them in thy waie.

Take from me fornicacion & all vncleanneſſe: and let not the loue of the fleſſhe beguile me.

Yea delyuer my ſoule from pryde, that it reigne not in me: and than ſhall I be cleane from the greatteſt ſynne.

Stay and keepe my feete from euery yll waie, leaſt my ſteppes ſwarue from thy pathes.

My

My eies loke euer vp vnto the (O lorde) because thou art nigh at hand: and al thy waies be the trueth.

Thy mercies be great and many (O lord) blessed is he, who so euer trusteth in the.

For whan I saied vnto the, my feete bee slipped: Thy mercie (O lorde) by and by dyd hold me vp.

Teache me to do thy wyll, and leade me by thy path waie, for thou art my god.

O lorde, saue my soule, and delyuer me from the power of darkenesse.

Leat the bryghtnesse of thy face, shyne vpon thy seruaunt, for vnto the (O lorde god) I haue fled for succour.

Loke vnto me, and haue mer-
cie vpon me: for I am desolate
and poore.

Kepe my soule, and deliuer me,
that I be not confounded: for
I haue trusted in the.

O lord god, forsake me not: all
though I haue doen no good in
thy sight.

For thy goodnesse graunt me,
that at the lest wise now I maie
begynne to liue well. Amen.

¶ The eyght psalme.

A christian man praieth, that
he maie be defended from
his ennemies.

O God almyghtie, saue me
from mine ennemies: and
by thy stronge power defende
and

and kepe me.

Preserue my soule, for thou art holy: saue thy seruant, whiche trusteth in the.

For straungers do assaute me dately: and seke my soule to dystroy it.

O god helpe thou me: O lord, deliuer me from theim that rise vp against me.

Be ready (O god) to succour me: make haste to helpe me: O lorde.

Be thou my protectour and a place of strength: wherin I may safely be.

For thou art my strength and my refuge: for thy name sake leade and guide me.

Take me (O god) out of the handes of mine enemies: & caste

me not away in the tyme of tryb-
bulacion: whan all my myghte
is decaied and gone.

Healpe me (O lorde god) and
saue me for thy mercies sake.

Haue mercy vpon me (O lord)
the god of my healthe: and in thy
rightuousnesse deliuer me

From the veracion of theim
that persecute me: from the as-
saulte of myne ennemies: whi-
che compasse me about on euery
syde.

Let theim be confounded and
brought to naught, whiche bee
aduersaries vnto my soule: leat
theim be couered with shame &
rebuke, whiche seke my hurt.

Leat theime tourne backe with
rebuke and shame, whiche saie,
god hath forsaken him: leat vs

ſette on hym and take hym: for there is none that ſhall delyuer hym.

Cõioyne thy ſelfe (O god) vnto my ſoule: make it ſtrong, and delyuer me from mine enemies.

Diſtroy theym by thy power: and bryng to naught all their ſtrength.

That thei reioyce not and ſaie amonge theim ſelues, we haue ouercome hym, and vtterly caſte hym downe.

Saue me (o lord god) for in the haue I truſted: ſaie to my ſoule, be not afraid, for I am with the.

It is in thy hande, what ſhall come of me, delyuer me frõ mine enemies, for yet they ceaſſe not.

Their cruelty encreaſeth daily more and more, and companies

of

of tyrauntes violently come on me, and thei haue not the before their eies.

But thou (O lorde) art gracious and merciful, and suffrest long: and thy mercie and trueth be great.

Loke vnto me, and haue mercie vpon me: endue thy seruant with some of thy strength: for I call vpon the, and ernestly make my praiers in thy syght.

My ennemies reioyce, that I am fallen, and that my hert hath turned out of thy waie.

But I trust in thy mercy, and my hert is comforted, in hope to haue helpe & saluation from the.

For thou art good and gracious, thy mercie endureth euer, and thy trueth continueth from

ans

one generacion to an other.

Let al them reioyce in the, and be glad, whiche seke the: and let them, which loue to haue saluacion of the, saie, Magnified be the lorde for euer. Amen.

The ninth psalme.

Against enemies.

SE lorde and behold, how many they be, which trouble me, how many, which make rebellion agaynst me.

They say amonge them selues of my soule: there is no helpe of god for it to trust vpon.

O lord god, in the I haue put my hope and trust: saue me from them, whiche dooe persecute me, and deliuer me.

lest

Lest peraduenture at one time or an other they take my life frō me: and there be none to deliuer me from them.

Haue pitie vpon me (O lorde) Loke vpon the affliction, which I suffre of my enemies.

Forget not thy poore seruant, suffer not them, whiche bee oppressed to loke for helpe alwaies in vayne.

Put theim to flight: disapoint them of their purposes: Cast thē downe hedling as their wickednesse hath deserued, for they are traitours & rebels against the.

Let their power be brought to nought: and their wickednesse light vpon their owne heades.

Leat the wicked synners returne into hell, and let them fall

and

and be taken in the pitte, whiche thei haue digged.

I will truste in the (O lorde) whiche saueste theim, that in the put their confidence.

Thei say, that thou forgettest thy seruauntes, and that thou hidest thi face, because thou wilt not see their trouble.

Their pride is to vs muche griefe and veracion: and they glory and triumph in our trouble and aduersitee.

How longe (O lorde) wilt thou stande a farre of, and hyde thy selfe in the time of tribulacion?

Howe longe shall the wicked dispise the? and sai in their hert, that thou regardest nothyng.

Rise vp (O lorde) stretche out thy hande: forgette not theim:

which

whiche be oppreſſed.

Bring downe the power of the wicked: that they maie periſhe togither with their wickednes.

Let thy zeale ſodenly come vpon them: the firy thunderboltes, and the ſpirite of the whirle wynde be portion of their parte.

Preuent me in the daie of my tribulacion: and deliuer me out of my diſtreſſes.

Haue mercy vpon me, for I am troubled on euery ſide: and my ſtrength is decaied through mine iniquitee.

Mine enemies ſpeake of me muche ſhame and rebuke: and they are holely bent to take my life from me.

The peines of death compaſſe me rounde about: and the fludes

des of my sines trouble me sore.

The ropes of hel be tied round aboute me: and I am wrapped in the snares of death: and whiche waie so euer I goe, I synde stumblynge blockes, to ouerthrow me.

Stande vp (O lorde) and punisshe this naughtie people, and delyuer me from my deceitfull enemies.

Here me in the daie of my tribulacion: Let thy mightie name defende me.

For thou arte my fortresse, and my glorie: and beareste vp my weakenesse and infirmitee.

Saue me lorde I beseche the, that mine enemies preuayle not against me.

Power out thy indignacion

vpon them: and let the wrath of thy fury vexe and trouble them.

Let them be confounded for euer: yea let them trēble and perishe togither.

Let thē fall into the depe pit: & neuer be able to rise vp agayne.

That they may know thy name to bee the lorde of hostes onely mighty and highe, worlde without ende. Amen.

¶ The tenth psalme.

When the enemies be so cruel, that he can not suffre them.

HAue mercie vppon me (O god) for mine enemie treadeth me vnder his feete: he ceasseth not to assault me, and to do me muche griefe.

He alwais coueteth to swalow me vp: & many ther be ẏ proudly brag and crake against me.

They gather theim selues together in corners: they watche my steppes, howe thei maie take my soule in a trappe.

Thei be like vnto a lyon that is gredie of his praie, and lyke a yonge lyon thei priuely lie in waite for me.

Thei do befet my waies, that I shoulde not escape: they loke and stare vpon me to take me in their snare.

Thei haue prepared a net for my feete: they haue dygged a deepe pit, that my soule myght fall therin.

Make me strong (O lorde god) by thy might and power: make

my way perfite before the.

Kepe my steppes continually in right pathes, lest perchaunce my feete begynne to slippe.

I am so vexed, that I am vtterly wery: healpe me agaynste them that lie in waite for me.

Make thy mercy to be meruei-lous in me: & delyuer my soule out of their handes.

Hide me from the company of the wicked, and from the rage of them that worke iniquitie.

Accordyng to thy great mercie quicken me, that now in my sorow I be not brought vnder the power of mine enemy, which rageth against me.

Send forth thy lyght and thy trueth, and they shall leade me into thy holy hill, and into thy

taber-

tabernacles.

Instruct and teache my handes to battaile: make my armes stronge like a bowe of steele.

Girde me with strength to battaile: ouerthrowe theim that arise against me.

Instruct me in the way, wherin I maie walke: prouyde for me by thy ouersyght.

Cast downe mine enemies before my face, and distroy theim that hate me.

Lest myne enemies ouercome me, and the companies of tyrantes ouerwhelme me.

Make my feete to be stedfast: and my pathes streight.

They reioyce and be glad of my fall and declinacion: thei be assembled together against me:

they strike to kill me in the waie
before I maie beware of theim.

Thei curse and ban my woor-
des euery daie: and all theyr
thoughtes be set to do me harm.

My life is as it wer in the mid-
des of fiers lions: whose teth
be lyke vnto speares: and theyr
tongue like a sharpe sworde.

And who shal stand with me a
gainst al these? or who shal ouer
come these worckes of iniquitie?

They shall flee and renne a-
way (O lord) assone as thou re-
bukest them, frō the voice of thy
thunder they shall ren hedlyng.

Whiche lokest vpon the earth,
& it holely quaketh: which tou-
chest the hilles, and they smoke:
Iugemēt procedeth frō thy face,
thine eies doe apprcue euquitie.

Keps

Kepe me (O lorde) from myne aduersaries: and vnder the shadow of thy wynges defend me.

Judge theim that hurt me: fyght agaynst theim that fyght with me.

Let theim go backewarde and haue yll lucke, whiche persecute me: put theim to shame, that will my hurt.

Make theim to be as duste in the wynde: and let thy aungell vexe and disquiet theim.

Let them vanysshe awaie lyke smoke: and as ware melteth with the heate of the fyre, so leat them perish (O lorde) from thy syght and presence.

Beat them downe, that they be not able to stand: neuer geue ouer, vntil thou haue vtterly di-

ſtroied them.

Make their waies darke and ſlippy: and let thine angell fierſly go vpon theim.

And thou (O lorde god) haue mercy vpon me: ſend me healpe, and than I ſhalbe able to reſiſte them.

For I am weake and in ſorow: geue thou me helthe and ſaluacion.

Let thy hande correct and chaſtiſe me: but delyuer me not vnto mine enemies.

My ſoule is fylled with the ſcornyng and deriſion that mine ennemyes haue at me: and with the diſpiteſullneſſe of the proude.

My ſoule is cleane diſcouraged within me: it groneth & freteth

in

in it selfe agaynste me: yet wyll I truste in the: for that I shall eftsones geue the thãkes again for the helpe and saluacion that thou sendest me.

For thy very trueth now helpe me, O thou whiche art my helth and the hope and comforte of all regions of the earth, and of the maine sea.

Whiche by thy power rulest from the beginnyng: thyne eies beholde all thynges.

What god is there but thou? who is so stronge as thou our god?

In thy protection I will trust, vntill iniquitie bee passed and gone.

In the, I shalbe stronge and sure for euermore.

ſtroied them.

Make their waies darke and ſlippy: and let thine angell fierſly go vpon theim.

And thou (O lorde god) haue mercy vpon me: ſend me healpe, and than I ſchalbe able to reſiſte them.

For I am weake and in ſorow: geue thou me helthe and ſaluacion.

Let thy hande correct and chaſtiſe me: but delyuer me not vnto mine enemies.

My ſoule is fylled with the ſcornyng and deriſion that mine ennemyes haue at me: and with the diſpiteſullneſſe of the proude.

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What god is there but thou? who is so stronge as thou our god?

In thy protection I will trust, vntill iniquitie bee passed and gone.

In the, I shalbe stronge and sure for euermore.

The .xi. psalme.

Of confidence and trust in god.

O Lord, whiche art my lyght and my helth: of whō shall I be afrayd?

O lorde thou art the strength of my lyfe: in the I wyll euer trust.

For lyke as the herte, (when he is chased) coueteth to the ryuers of water: euen so (O lorde) my soule desyreth to bee with the.

My soule thyrsteth to be with the: for with the is the fountaine of life and recreacion in aduertitie.

Here in this worlde is labour and peine: calamitie and miserie

myſerie.

We haue battaile daiely with enemies: we haue no reſt here ſo longe as we lyue.

But when ſo euer we put our truſt in thy helpe: then we ſhalbe ſure by thy protecciō: ſaiyng vnto the, Thou art our defendour, our refuge, and our god, and in the we truſt.

Thou ſhalt delyuer me from the ſnares of the hunters: and from the perilles of my perſecutours.

Thou ſhalt make a ſhadow for me vnder thy ſhulders: & vnder thy wynges I ſhalbe harmleſſe.

Thy trueth ſhalbe my ſhyelde and buckeler: and no euill ſhall approche nere vnto me.

And therfore if my enemies

ſhall

shall warre agaynste me, that they maie deuoure me holely: yet I wyll not flee, nor tourne my backe.

Although neuer so stronge enemies shall pitche their tentes against me, my hert shall not be afrayde: if death sodeinly come vpon me, in thee wyll I reste without feare.

Thou shalt hyde me in thy tabernacle, in the time of aduersitie thou shalte hyde me in some secrete place of thy tente: thou shalte sette me vpon a sure rocke.

Thou shalte lyfte me vp aboue my enneimies, besiegeyng me rounde aboute: and thou shalte delyuer me out of theyr handes.

If I shall walke in the middes of tribulacion, thou shalt kepe me, and shalte stretche forthe thy hande agaynst myne ennemies: and thy ryght hande shall saue me.

O lorde, thou shalt dooe and bring to passe al thinges for me, thy mercie endureth euer: thou wylte not dispise thy owne handy worke.

Thou shalte leade me out of the nette, whiche mine ennemies haue sprede abrode to catche me in: thou shalte take me oute of their pit.

O how great be the good thinges, whiche thou layest vppe in store for theim that feare the: which also thou shewest to them that trust in the, euē in the syght

of

of the childzen of men.

Thou hidest them in the secret place of thy countenaunce from trouble of ennemies: and from their contencions.

O lozde, what a pzecious treasure is thy goodnesse: and men shall trust in thy pzotection.

They shall be fylled with the plentifulnesse of thy house: and thou shalt make them dzynke of thy riuer of deinties.

They shall dzynke with the of the fountaine of lyfe, and in thy lyght they shall see lyght.

Thy ryghtuousnesse is as the hygheſt mountaynes: and thy iudgementes bee lyke vnto the depe bottomlesse waters.

Thy mercy stretcheth vp to the heauens: and thy trueth ascendeth

cendeth vp to the same.

O lorde god, thou hast euer from age to age, ben our refuge and succour.

Before the foundacions of the earth were leide, without beginnyng and endyng thou art god.

O my god, thou hast helped me euer from my youth: and vntill my olde age, and last daies forsake me not.

I will acknowlage, that I haue all my strength of the, for thou art my protection, my god, and my sauiour.

And therefore what tyme so euer I shall be afraied: I wyll trust in the.

What tyme so euer I shall call vppon the: I knowe that thou art my god.

Kepe

Kepe thy mercy for me alwais: and the couenant that thou hast made with me, lette it be surely performed.

And if I haue swarued from thy law, and not walked in thy iudgementes,

If I haue broken thy statutes, and transgressed thy commaundementes:

Then with thy rodde visyte myne offences: and with stripes correct my trespasses.

But take not thy mercie away from me, nor let not thy promyse be voide and of none effect.

Breake not the couenant that thou haste made with me, and change not that whiche hath issued out of thy mouth.

For in the (O god) our healthy

and

and glory doth consist, thou art our helper, in whom we doe euer trust.

And this is certaine, that all they, which trust in the, shall not be confounded.

For who is he that hath trusted in the, and is confounded? or who hath called vpon the, and thou hast dispised him?

For thy name sake (O lorde) thou forgeuest our synnes, although they bee manie and greuous.

Thou art a sure stay to theim that dread the: and shewest them thy testament.

And vnto the I crie (O lorde) & I beleue, that thou wilt saue me, for thy great mercies sake.

Thou shalt redeeme my soule

In peace from the wrath, whyche is to come in the laste date.

I wyll offre vp to the sacrifice of laude and preise: and I will rendre vp my vowes to the, whyche art the highest.

The wicked watche and loke to distroie me: but I truste in thy mercie.

Thou arte my protectour, and my buckler: my god, my strēgth, my refuge and deliuerer.

I tarie and loke for healpe from the (O lorde) blessed is the man that trusteth in the.

O lorde, what great pleasures thou haste prepared for me in heauen: that I shulde delite in no earthly thyng but in the.

My moste pleasure is to cleaue fast vnto the: and in the to sette

my

my hope and truſt.

I committe my ſpirite into thy handes: delyuer me from the powers of darkeneſſe of this worlde. Amen.

¶ The twelfth pſalme.

If god deferre to helpe longe time.

O My god, my god, why forſakeſt thou me? why lokeſt not vpon my neceſſitee?

Shal thy mercie faile for euer? wilt thou neuer be pleſed more?

How longe wilt thou be miſcontented with me, O lord? wilt thou kēdil thine angre throughly as it were fyre?

When wilt thou haue any regarde to deliuer my ſoule? to delyuer my lyfe from diſtruc-

cion of enemies.

Howe longe shall I crie, and thou wilt not here: howe longe shal I make exclamacion for ye crie peine, and thou wilt not saue me?

O lorde god of hostes, how longe wilte thou be angry with the praiers of thy seruant?

Come againe vnto me (O god my sauiour) and take awaie thine indignacion against me.

When thou art tourned (O lorde) thou shalte restore all thynges agayne: and he that was in sadnesse before, shal take ioie and comfort of the.

Let thy hande be to helpe man, whiche is thy handie woorke, whom thou haste exalted and magnified to set forth thy glory.

Mine

Myne enemies lyue welthyly and are stronge: and thei whiche hate me, encrease and go forwarde daiely.

Thei dispraise & set at naught my counsayle, because I take god for my hope and comfort.

They saie to me daiely, Thou trustest in god, let hym delyuer the, and saue the: if so be that he beare loue and fauour towardes the.

Thei leape at me as it were so many dogges: the companies of the wicked barke at me: they beset my handes and fete round about.

O lorde, goe not farre awaie from me: thou art my strength: make spede to helpe me.

Delyuer my soule from death,

 toune

turne my waie from the rage of dogges.

Kepe me out of the mouthe of lions: and saue me frō the depe lake.

Thou arte bothe holie and stronge, and no man is able to resyst the: whan thy angre is great and feruent.

Who shall not feare the (O lorde:) or whiche of all prynces shall not obey the:

The earth trembleth and quaketh for feare of thyne angre: & the people shall not be able to abide thy thretnyng.

Helpe me, O lorde god my sauiour: and for the glorie of thy name deliuer me: and forgeue my trespasses.

For I do vtter and expresse myne

myne iniquitee vnto the: and my synne greueth me verate sore.

Aryse vp (O lorde) and helpe me: and deliuer me for thy mercies sake.

O God, my refuge, and my strengthe, whiche haste been euer a greatte healpe in tribulacion.

Thou diddest receiue me into thy tuicion, whan I came out of my mothers wombe, and thou wast my helper, whan I sucked my mothers breastes.

I was lefte to the as soone as I was borne, euen from my mothers wombe, thou arte my God.

Withdraw not thy selfe farre awaie from me: for tribulacion

is nere at hande, and there is none that can helpe me.

Mine enemies compasse me round about: my persecutours besiege me on euery syde.

And I am feeble and weake and sore broken: the peine of my herte maketh me to grone and sygh.

I am as the water that is cast forth: my strength is gone and vtterly dried vp, as it were a tile stone.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord) haue mercie vppon me: and impute not my synnes vnto me, which I haue done by-foly.

Remembre not my sinnes passed, let thy mercies preuēt them: for I am in a meruailous wretched case.

I am

I am wekened and cleane out wozne: and go mournyng euery daie.

And now (O lozde) what loke I after? verily my soule loketh to the foz helpe.

Shew nowe and declare thy goodnesse to me, and withholde not thy helpe from me.

My soule is replenisshed with troubles and aduersitees, and dzaweth nere vnto dethes doze.

I am in great pouertee and nede, and my herte is soze troubled within me.

Cast me not awaie in the time of my moste necessitee: and now whan my strength fayleth me, faile not thou me, O lozde.

Deliuer me from mine ennemies: and make me not a moc-

kyng ſtocke to theim, that teſt and raile vpon me.

Saue me from theſe roryng lions redy to deuoure, and from the handes of them that woulde haue my life from me.

I doe crie to the (O lorde) for thou art my hope, and my porcion in the lande of liuers.

Bryng my ſoule out of priſon, & ſet my feete in a place, where I maie walke at libertee.

Turne not thy face away from me, leaſt I bee made lyke vnto theim that diſcende into the pit.

Geue eare vnto my praiers for I am puniſhed and brought very low.

Deliuer me from my perſecutours: for they be muche ſtronger than I.

O lorde

O lord, here me spedily, lest my spirite faile within me.

Deliuer my soule out of trouble, and in thy mercy distroy all mine enemies.

And make them to perish, whiche wolde distroy me: for I am thy seruant. Amen.

The thirtenth psalme.

In whiche he geueth thankes to god that his ennemies haue not gotten the ouerhande of hym.

I will magnifie and preise the (O lorde god) for thou haste exalted me and set me vp: and my enemies haue not gotten the ouerhande of me.

O lorde of hostes, I haue cried vnto the: & thou hast saued me.

Thou

Thou haste brought my soule out of hell: thou hast holden me vp from fallyng into the deepe lake, from whense no man retourneth.

Thou hast not closed me vp in the handes of myne enemies: but thou hast sette my feete in a place both wyde and broade.

I haue sought the, & thou hast herd me: thou hast brought me into libertie out of great distres.

Thou hast turned my sorow into gladnesse: thou hast ceassed my mournyng, and compassed me round about with mirth.

Thou hast declared thy great magnificence in healpynge thy seruaunt.

Thou hast dooen mercifully with me in my miseries.

Thou

Thou hast regarded the peine of the poore: thou hast not turned away thy face from me.

I wil euer be singyng and spekyng of thy mercies: and I will publishe to other thy fidelitee & trueth so longe as I shall liue.

My mouth shall neuer cesse to speke of thy righteousnesse, & of thy benefites: whiche be so many, that I can not numbre them.

But I wyll geue the thankes till death take me awaie: I will syng in the praise of the, so longe as I shall continue.

I wyll triumph and reioyce in thy mercie, for ỹ thou hast loked vpon my necessities, & regarded my soule in my great distresse.

Thou hast ben my sure refuge, and the strengthe of my truste,

and

and hope.

I thanke the lord for thy goodnesse alwaie: and for thy exceadyng mercy.

Thou hast been my comfort in the time of my trouble, thou hast ben mercifull vnto me (O lorde) and hast reuēged the wronges, that mine enemies haue done to me.

Accordyng to the multitude of the heauy thoughtes that I had in my mind, thy comfortes haue chered and lightned my hert.

Thou hast sent me now ioy for the daies wherein I was in sorow: & for the yeres in whom I suffred many a peinfull stormē.

Thou hast called to remembraunce the rebuke that thy seruant hath ben put to: and how furi-

curiously myne ennemies haue persecuted me.

O lorde god of hostes, who maie be cõpared vnto the? thou art great & greatly to be preised.

Thou art hygh vpon all the earth, thou art exalted farre aboue all goddes.

Glorie and honour before thy face: holinesse and magnificence in thy sanctuary.

With iustice and iudgement thy royall throne is stablished: mercy and trueth be before thy face.

Blessed art thou (O lord) whiche haste not holden backe thy mercie from thy seruaunt.

After that I had longe loked for the (O lorde) at the last thou diddest attende vnto me, and hear-

hardest my crie.

Thou hast taken me out of the lake of miserie: and set my feets vppon a rocke, and made my steppes sure.

Thou haste geuen me my desire: I haue seen thy toyfull countenance.

Thou hast striken all my aduersaries, and hast abated their strength.

Thou hast rebuked the rablement of them that vexed me: and haste plucked me foorth of their handes.

Thou hast cast theim headelynge into theyr owne pitte: their feete bee wrapped in the nette, whiche they laied priuylie for me.

Myne enemies are reculed backe

backe: thei are fallen down and distroied from thy syght.

Thou hast ben the poze mans defence, and his helper in tribulacion, whan most nede was.

Thou haste done iudgement foz me: thou haste defended my cause agaynst my accusars.

And although thou were very angry with me a littell whyle: yet now I liue through thy mercy and goodnesse.

Uerilie I supposed with my selfe, that I was cleane caste away out of thy fauour.

But thou hast heard my praiers: and accozdyng to thy great mercie hast taken me againe into thy fauour.

O lozd, of thine owne mind and wyll thou haste geuen strength

vnto my ſoule: but when thou hydeſt thy face from me (O lorde) howe greatly was I aſtonied.

When I was in aduerſitee, then I cried vnto the: and thou dyddeſt aunſwere me: when my ſoule was in greatte anguyſſhe and trouble, then (O lorde) I did remembre the.

I haue taſted and ſeene how ſwete thou arte: truely bleſſed is that man that truſteth in the.

Accordyng to thy name, ſo is thy commendacion and preyſe: but thy counſailes touchyng vs be without exaumple, and greatter than can with woordes be expreſſed.

Dominion, power, and glory be thyne: for thou haſt made all thyn-

thynges: and because thy wyll is so: they doe stille continue.

Thy name be blessed, prayised, and magnified both now and euer and worlde without ende. Amen.

The fourtene psalme.

In the whiche the goodnesse of god is preised.

O LORDE our gouernour, how wonderfull is thy mateestee throughout the whole worlde: whiche haste set thy glory aboue all the heaueus.

What is man that thou magnifiest hym so greattely: or the sonne of man that thou doest visite him:

O lorde, thou art great and

 muche

muche to be preised in thy holy hyll.

Preise be vnto the (O lorde god) let our vowes made to the be alwaies performed.

Confession and magnificence are thy woorke: and thy righteousnes cõtinueth for euermore.

Thou hast done many thynges (O lord god) both meruailous and great: and ther is none that can be lyke vnto the in thy worckes.

Thy waies be iuste and true, who wyll not feare and dreade the, and magnifie thy name?

I thanke the (O lorde god) with all my hearte: and I wyll halow thy name for euer.

O lorde thou art my strength and my prayse: Thou haste

brought

brought downe myne ennemies which art a iudge euen from the beginnyng.

Thy right hande is exceedyng stronge: thy ryght hande worketh many great actes.

Thyne arme is myghtie and stronge, and because it hath pleased the, thou hast strengthened mine infirmitie.

I wyll prayse thy greatte and dreadefull name: for it is holy.

Although I haue fallen, yet I am not crushed in pieces: for thou hast susteined my hand.

I haue opened and shewed my way vnto the: and in the I haue trusted, and thou at length hast accomplished my desyres.

Thou haſt broken the heades of mine enemies, and haſt made them to ſtoupe: whiche walked proudely in their ſinnes.

Thou haſte dominion ouer their power, and whan they be exalted and ſette aloſte in their waies, thou abateſt theyr coutage, and diſtroyeſt theim with thy mightie arme.

In thy name I wyll euer reioyce, and in thy mercy is all my glorie.

Thou loueſt righteouſneſſe and iugement: the earth is replenyſhed with thy mercie.

Thy eie loketh fauourably vpon theym that dread the, and truſt in thy mercie.

There ſhall no good thyng be lackyng to theim that ſeeke the,

and

and thei that feare the, shall not be helpelesse.

For thou dost order their waies, and heerest theim whan they crie vnto the,

That thou maist deliuer their soules from death: & swage their peines whan thei be greued.

For thou helpest theim, whose hertes be broken with sorowe: and beerest vp with thy hande theim that bee contryte in spyryte.

Thou sauest the soules of thy seruantes, and all thei that trust in the, shall not be destroied.

Wherfore my tonge shall syng thy prayse (O lorde god) I wyll alwaies magnifie the.

I will loue the (O lorde) whiche arte my strength, my staye,

my myght, my sauiour, and my refuge.

My god, my defender, and my buckeler, the strength of my saluacion, and my supporter.

After that I had called vpon the with due laude and preyse, thou hast saued me from myne enemies.

When I was in trouble I called vpon the, thou hast hard my voyce out of thy holie temple, and my crie hath entred vp into thine eares.

Thou hast saued me from mine aduersaries, that rose vp ageinst me: thou hast deliuered me from wicked enemies.

Thou hast taken me from the company of euyll men, and mine eie hath seen vpō mine enemies

the thynges that I desyred.

And therfore if it shuld fortune me to passe through the darke vale of death: I wyll goe without feare: for thou wilt be with me, thy rod and thy staffe shall comfort me.

Thou shalte deliuer me from tribulacion; thou shalt kepe me from them which seke to distroy me.

Myne eies be vpon the (O lorde) for thou shalt bringe my feete fourth of the snare.

Unto the (O lorde god) I will perfourme my vowes, I wyll geue the thankes both now and euermore, and worlde without ende. Amen.

The fiftenth psalme.

Of the benefites of god, with thankes for the same.

My soule prayseth the (O lorde) and all that is within me prayseth thy holy name.

My soule geueth the humble thankes, and thy benefyttes I wyll neuer forget.

Which forgeuest al my sinnes: and healest all my infirmities.

Whiche haste saued my lyfe from destruccion: and shewed in me thy grace and mercie.

Which hast satisfied my desire with good thynges, and shalte ones restore my youth agayne.

Thou hast entreated me mercifully at all tymes, and hast reuenged me of mine enemies.

Thou

Thou haſt been a defence to me (O lord) and a ſure founda-cion of my wealth.

Thou haſte guyded me with thy counſayll, and taken me to the, through thy mercie.

Thou haſte many waies declared in me thy greatte myght and power, and after thyne angre hath been paſte, thou haſte turned again and comforted me

Thou haſt ſent me many greuous troubles, but at the length thou haſt brought me out of the bottomles depeneſſe.

Thou haſt made me priuie to thy waies, and haſt not hyd thy counſailes from me.

Thou art full of mercie and grace (O lorde) ſlowe to wrath, and ready to goodnes.

Thy

Thy displeasure lasteth not alwaie, & thou kepest not backe thy mercies in thyne angre for euer.

Thou rewardest vs not accordyng to our synnes, nor punyschest vs accordyng to our desertes.

Loke how hie the heauen is in comparyson of the earth: so great is thy mercy towarde vs.

Howe farre as the easte is distant from the weast: so farre (O lorde) remoue our synnes from vs.

Like as a naturall father hath pitie vppon his childrene: euen so (O iorde god, thou haste had compassion vpon vs.

Thou hast not forgotten thy creature: thou remembrest that we

we ar flesshe, yea all men liuyng.

And that thage of men is lyke vnto grasse, and may be compared to the flowres in the fielde: whyche as sone as the sharpe wynde hath blowen vpon theim with his blastes, wyther awaie and die, so that no man can tell where they did grow.

But thy mercy (O lord) and thy louyng kyndnesse is alwais vpon theim that feare the: & thy rightuousnesse endureth euer.

So that we kepe our promyse and couenant with the: and so remembre thy commaundementes, that we doe theim in deede.

O lorde, thou hast stablysshed thy throne in heauen: and thou gouernest all thynges by thyne imperiall power.

I will magnifie the (O god) and praise thy name world without end.

I wyll geue the thankes alwaie, and make thy name glorious for euer.

O lord, thou art puissant and great: and thy magnificence is vnsercheable.

One generacion shall shewe to an nother thy woorkes, and thei shall declare thine auncient noble actes.

Thei shall euer praise the magnificence of the glory of thy holines, & the memorie of thy great goodnes.

For thou art good and gracious to all men, and thy mercie excedeth all thy woorkes.

The eies of all men beholde and

and wayte vpon the: that thou shouldest geue theim their sustenaunce in time conuenient.

Thou openest thine hand, and fillest euery liuing creature with fode necessary.

O lorde, thou art rightfull in all thy waies, and holy in al thy dedes.

Thou kepest all theim, that loue the, and the tourment of malice shall not touche them.

My mouth shall speake thy glory and praise, and all liuyng creatures shall honour thy holy name for euer.

Praise the lord, O ye his aungels mightie in power, whiche do his commaundementes, and obey the voice of his worde.

Prayse ye all togyther god,

O ye

O ye, all his hostes, you his ministers, that doe his wyll and pleasure.

Praise the lorde as I doe, and let vs magnifie his name together.

Praise the lorde, O ye all his sainctes, for his name is glorious, and his preise goeth aboue both heauen and earth.

Prayse the lorde together, O ye, all his workes, euery thyng that liueth, praise the lorde.

Amen.

FINIS. XV. PSAL-
MORVM.

BRITISH
23 JL 89
MUSEUM

The

The .xxi. psalme of Dauyd.

The complaint of Christe on the crosse.

MY GOD, MY GOD, why haste thou forsaken me? it semeth that I shall not obteyne deliueraunce, though I seke for it with lowde cries.

My god, I wyll crie all the day longe, but thou wilt not answere: and all the nyght longe, without takyng any rest.

The meane tyme thou moste holiest, semest to sitte styll, not caryng for the thynges that I suffre: whiche so oft hast helped me heretofore, and haste geuen

to thy people Iſraell, ſufficient argument and matier to prayſe the with ſonges, wherwith they haue geuen thankes to the for thy benefites.

Our forefathers were wonte to put their truſt in the: and as often as they dyd ſo, thou didꝺeſt deliuer them.

As oft as thei cried for helpe to the, they were deliuered: as oft as thei committed them ſelfe to the, they were not put to any ſhame.

But as for me, I ſeeme rather to be a worme than a man: the dongbill of Adam: the outcaſt of the bulgar people.

As many as haue ſeene me: haue laughed me to ſcorne, and reuiled me, and ſhakyng their

heades

heades in derision at me: they cast me in the teeth saiyng:

He is wonte to boste and glorie, that he is in greatte fauour with god: wherefore lette god now deliuer him, if he loue hym so well.

By thy procurement (O lord) I came oute of my mothers woombe: and thou gauest me good comforte: euen whan I sucked my mothers breastes.

Through thy meanes I came into this world: and as soone as I was borne, I was left to thy tuicion: yea thou wast my god, whan I was yet in my mothers woombe.

Wherefore goe not farre awaie from me: For daungier is

euen nowe at hande, and I see no man that will helpe me.

Many buls haue closed me in, both strong and fatte, they haue compassed me rounde aboute.

Thei haue opened their mouthe agaynst me, like vnto a lyon that gapeth vpon his praye, and rozeth foz hunger.

I am powzed out lyke water, and all my lymmes loosed one frome the other, and my herte is melted within me as it were waxe.

All my strength is gone and dzied vp like vnto a tile stone, my tonge cleaueth to the roofe of my mouth: and at the last I shall be buried in the earthe as the deade be wonte.

Foz dogges haue compassed

me

me rounde about: and the moſt wicked haue conſpired againſt me, they haue made holes thorough my handes and my feete.

I was ſo vngentilly intreated of theim, that I might eaſilie numbre all my bones: and after all the peyne and torment that they dyd to me, with greuouſe countenance thei ſtared and loked vpon me.

Thei deuided my clothes amonge them, and caſt lot for my cote.

Wherefore lorde, I beſeche the, goe not farre from me: but for as muche as thou arte my power and my ſtrength, make haſte to helpe me.

Deliuer my ſoule from daungier of the ſwerde, and kepe my

life destitute of all mans helpe, from the violence of the dogge.

Saue me from the mouth of the lion, and take me from the hornes of the vnicornes.

I will shew vnto my bretherne the maiestee of thy name: and whan the people is moste assembled together, I wyll praise and set forth thy most worthy actes and deedes.

Al that worship the lord, preise hym, all the posteritee of Jacob magnifie hym, all ye that bee of the stocke of Israell, with reuerence serue and honour hym.

For he hath not dispised and set at naught the poore man, because of his miserie: nor he hath not disdainfully tourned awaie his face from hym: but rather as

as ſoone as the poore man cried vnto him for helpe, he heard him by and by.

I will preiſe the with my ſonges openlie in a multitude of people, and I will perfourme my vowes in the ſyght of theim that honour the.

The poore ſhall eate and be ſatiſfied: they ſhall preyſe the lorde, that ſtudie to pleaſe hym: and as manie of you as continue ſtill ſuche, your hertes ſhall liue.

All the endes of the worlde ſhal conſider theſe thynges, and be tourned to the lorde: and all heathen nacions ſhall ſubmitte them ſelfes, and do homage vnto the.

For the lorde hath a power royall, and an imperiall dominion ouer the heathen.

The moſt mightie and greateſt of all theym that dwell on the earthe, haue eaten, and after that they haue taſted the ſpirituall giftes of the lorde, they haue ſubmitted theim ſelfe, and made humble ſuite vnto hym: yea and all the dead, whiche are buried in the earth, ſhall kneele and make reuerence in his honoure, becauſe he hath not diſdayned to ſpende his owne lyfe for theim.

Thei that ſhall come after vs, ſhall honour and ſerue hym.

Theſe thynges ſhalbe written of the lorde, that our poſteritee maie know & vnderſtand them.

That

BRITISH 25 JL 89 MUSEUM

A prayer for the Queene.

O Lorde Jesu Christe, moste high, moste mightie, kynge of kynges, lorde of lordes, the onely rular of princes, the very sonne of god, on whose ryght hande syttyng, dooest from thy throne beholde all the dwellers vpon earth: with moste lowely hertes we beseche the, vouchesafe with fauourable regarde to behold our most gracious soueraigne lady queene Marie the firste, and so replenysshe hyr with the grace of thy holy spirite, that she alway incline to thy wil, and walke in thy way. Kepe hir farre of from ignorannce, but through thy gifte, let prudence and knowlage alwaie abound

bound in hir royall hert. So in-
structe hir (O LORDE IESV)
reignyng vpon vs in erth, that
hir humayne maiestee, alway o-
bey thy deuine maiestee in feare
and dzede. Indue hir plentiful-
ly with heauenly giftes. Grant
hir in health and welth longe to
liue. Heape glozie and honour
vpon hir. Glad hir with the
ioye of thy countenaunce. So
strengthe hir, that she maie
vanquishe and ouercome
all hir and our foes,
and be dzead and
feared of al the
ennemies of
hir realme.

AMEN.

A prayer for men to say entryng into battaile.

O Almyghty kyng and lorde of hostes, whiche by thy angels, there vnto appointed, doest minister bothe warre and peace: and whiche dyddest geue vnto Dauid both courage and strength, beyng but a litell one, vnarmed, and vnexpert in feates of warre, with his slynge to set vpon, and ouerthrow the great huge Goliath: our cause now beyng iuste, and beyng inforced to entre into warre and battaile, we moste humbly beseche the (O lord god of hostes) so to turne the hertes of our ennemies to the desyre of peace, that

that no christian bloud be spilt: or els graunt (O lord) that with small effusion of bloude, and to the litle hurt and domage of innocentes, we maie to thy glorie obteyne victorie: and that the warres beeyng soone ended, we maie all with one herte and mind, knit togither in concorde and vnitie, laude and praise the, which liuest and reignest world without ende.

AMEN.

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Cum priuilegio ad impri-
mendum solum.